BACKBONE IS BROKEN

Of the Hard Coal Strike in Regions About Hazleton and Lattimer in Pennsylvania.

HALF OF THE MEN BACK AT WORK.

Protected by State Troops from Attacks by the Other Half and the Women—Warrants for Martin and His Deputies—Judge Jackson Defends His West Virginia Injunctions and Says He Would Do It Again—Illinois Miners' Convention.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 21.—Unless unforeseen developments occur the anthracite coal strike in this region is ended. Yesterday 1,200 men, half of the full complement, returned to work at the Honeybrook collieries of the Legigh and Wilkesbarre company, as did 300 of the 1,300 at Pardee's Lattermer mines, while the Cranberry, Crystal Ridge and Harwood collieries of the same company, and Coxe's collieries in the Drifton district, remained at work. The latter were to have settled the question of a strike yesterday, but at the request of the operators held off until Thursday. Nearly 5,000 strikers have returned or will do so today and a little less than that number are still out, with indications in favor of their joining the workers. The only incidents of the day were small outbreaks at Lattimer and Eckley, both of which were quickly subdued, and the serving of warrants of arrest upon Sheriff Martin and a number of his deputies.

Women Baffled by the State Troops.

At Lattimer a band of women attempted to drive out 300 Italians who returned to work. They were armed with clubs and stones, and moved on the engine house and the company stores. The raid looked formidable for a time, and was not ended until three companies of the Thirteenth regiment with fixed bayonets had pressed back and dispersed the crowds. A number of Butler Valley miners who want to return to work at Lattimer were driven back by a body of armed strikers who met them as they came over the mountain, a mile or more from camp. The disturbance at Eckley was an attempt by strikers to intimidate the men who wanted to work, and it, too, was quieted by the troops without violence.

Victory for the Operators.

The break of the strike is practically a victory for the operators, as in only one or two instances have the demands of the men been granted, although several companies have promised to consider the grievances. Warrants for the arrest of Sheriff Martin and his deputies were issued yesterday by Judges Lynch and Bennett at Wilkesbarre. They were served here last night, and no resistance was made. The writs contain seventy-eight names, including the sheriff's, and the latter has agreed to deliver all the deputies for a hearing today. A company of the Ninth regiment will escort them to Wilkesbarre. General Gobin permitted the service of the writs because he thinks the civil authorities are now able to handle the situation. The gradual withdrawal of the troops will be considered today.

ON GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

Judge Jackson Makes One Against Eugene V. Debs Perpetual.

Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 21.—The feature of interest in the opening session of the September term of the United States court for the district of West Virginia was the application of ex-Governor A. B. Fleming, of Fairmont, to make the injunction against Eugene V. Debs and others perpetual. The governor was acting for his client, the Monongah Coal company, and as there was no appearance for any of the defendants the injunction was made perpetual. In the course of his remarks in making this decision Judge Jackson said that if a like case were presented to him now he would make the same kind of order he had made at Parkersburg, where the temporary injunction was issued recently. Continuing, he said: "There have been some public strictures that I know are due to the fact that the order made in these cases was not understood. This decision is founded on good law, good morals, and justice.

"Nearly 200 years ago courts of equity in England issued restraining orders to protect the citizen in his right of property. There is no reason why the rights of property owners should not be protected by the courts. These owners invested large sums of money in their plant at Monongah, and the bill for injunction alleged that the defendants were about to do things that would lessen the value of the property and possibly destroy it. The law is that where an injury is threatened to which the law affords no adequate remedy, then the court of equity interferes to prevent the injury, and this is such a case. The injunction abridged no right of the miners, did not interfere with the right of free speech, and was a carefully prepared and well considered order.

"I instructed my officers, in taking that injunction to serve it, to stand behind it like the soldier behind the fortress, but to keep within the lines of the injunction and not to extend or step beyond it, and do nothing excepting exactly that which was required. This order was not an innovation. It is an application of what I consider good law, and was done in a proper case to protect property of the plaintiffs, which the court conceives to be its duty, just as it would protect the rights of the defendants in the proper exercise of all their privileges under the constitution."

ILLINOIS MINERS IN COUNCIL.

State Convention Meets to Consider a Scale for Digging.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 21.—The state convention of coal miners and mine laborers met at Allen's hall and is attended by at least sixty delegates from nearly every mining point in the state. This convention is larger than the convention held here in August. Representatives of about 15,000 coal miners are in the city. The basis of representation is one delegate for every 100 miners. Every coal mining point in northern Illinois is represented. The mining centers represented are Streator, Marquette, Danville, Spring Valley, Braceville, Braidwood, Coal City, Seatonville, Rossville, Toluca, LaSalle, Belleville and Pana. Only preliminary business was done in the convention yesterday.

The scale committee of the convention completed the scale late last night and will submit it to the convention today. The scale proposes a reduction of 5% per cent. of the scale prepared in August. The new prices in big fields are: Streator, big vein, 48 cents; LaSalle, third vein, 65½; Wilmington, 70½; Springfield, Grape Creek and Belleville 37.7. The operators failed to materialize at the meeting. Of five in attendance four were from the Belleville district and one from Springfield. The northern Illinois operators sent a communication to the convention stating their position. The operators from the north refuse to enter into negotiations in regard to the price of mining to go into effect before May, 1898. Last May the northern operators entered into an agreement with their men, and their contracts are based on this price. They offer to consider prices of mining to be paid after May 1, 1898.

A dispatch from Topeka, Kan., quotes Charles J. Devlin as asserting that the Illinois operators will endeavor to reduce the scale below the Columbus agreement; that the price "miners were forced to accept last May and which they refused to continue work on is not enough to keep body and soul together;" that the "average miner with steady work cannot earn more than $1 per day the year around. Slavery for the miners would be preferable to the wages they were getting, for in slavery they would get enough to eat and drink and wear," etc. Devlin's statements are treated lightly here.

FIVE MEN LOST IN A MINE.

Slope Takes Fire and Nearly 100 Others Are Gotten Out Alive.

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 21. — About two hours after the men went to work in mine No. 2, of the Bessemer Land and Improvement company's coal mine at Belle Ellen, near Blocton, Bibb county, yesterday, fire was discovered far down in the main slope. About 100 men are employed in the mine and a panic followed among the workers and in the little town of Belle Ellen. Hundreds of men, women and children gathered at the main entrance of the mine while rescue parties were at once formed to relieve the miners. More than fifty were gotten out from the various entrances without harm. Others were overcome by smoke and fell by the wayside.

The brave searchers found and dragged them out while those waiting at the entrance restored life to their unconscious friends. A scene of wild excitement prevailed at the mine's mouth, women and children were screaming and shouting for help, and a fire brigade was at work endeavoring to overcome the flames. Five men who were working about the slope beyond where the fire originated could not be reached, and it is regarded as certain that they are dead. The missing are: Herman Kramer and Hubbard Foley, white, and Henry Reeves, Frank James and William Fairfiax, colored. It is possible that two or three others may be in the mines, but these five are known to be lost.

LIKE THOSE OTHER WRECKS.

Somebody Didn't Obey Orders, but in This Case No One Was Killed.

Edwardsville, Kan., Sept. 21. — Rock Island passenger train No. 22, westbound, running over the Union Pacific tracks, and an east-bound Union Pacific stock train collided head-on at 9:30 last night two miles east of Muncie, a flag station next east of this place. Both locomotives were completely wrecked, the baggage car of the Rock Island train was badly shattered and several of the stock cars were wrecked, but no one was killed. The locomotive crews of both trains jumped. Engineer James W. Scarff, of Kansas City, Kan., who was on the stock train, and Engineer Charles Goodall, of Chicago, who was on the Rock Island train, are seriously injured. The Rock Island postal clerks were considerably shaken up and one woman passenger was cut by falling glass. The wreck was caused by the Rock Island trainmen ignoring orders to pass the stock train at Muncie.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—League base ball scores: At Philadelphia—Washington 1, Philadelphia 2; at New York—Baltimore 7, New York 10.

Western League: At Milwaukee—Minneapolis 6, Milwaukee 7; at Detroit—Indianapolis 11, Detriot 7; (second game) Indianapolis 0, Detroit 5; at Columbus—Grand Rapids 6, Columbus 12.

Western Association: At Cedar Rapids—Peoria 7, Cedar Rapids 4; at Quincy—Des Moines 7, Quincy 4; at Burlington—St. Joseph 19, Burlington 6; at Rockford—Dubuque 4, Rockford 9.

Inquest on Struble's Death.

Shepherd, Mich., Sept. 21.—After a week's adjournment the inquest on the death of Bank Cashier Elmer E. Struble was resumed here yesterday. It is thought that all the evidence will be in by Thursday. During the intermission a number of new witnesses have been secured who are expected to effectually dispose of the suicide theory. Nothing noteworthy in the way of evidence was adduced at yesterday's session, however.

Marshal Convicted of Burglary.

Ottumwa, Ia., Sept. 21.—The last of the Eldon bank robbery cases has ended with the conviction of C. J. Stevens, the Eldon marshal, of breaking and entering. The state produced the evidence of one of Stevens' accomplices and that of four other persons to whom he confessed that he planned the whole thing, but the jury found him guilty only of opening the bank and letting the robbers in.

Greensburg, Ind., National Bank.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Information has been received by Acting Comptroller Coffin to the effect that the affairs of the First National bank, of Greensburg, Ind., have been turned over to the directors of the bank with sufficient funds on hand to pay all depositors in full. The bank will go into voluntary liquidation.

Federation of Labor Council Meets.

Washington, Sept. 21.—In response to a call issued by President Samuel Gompers, the executive council of the American Federation of Labor met here yesterday in special session.

Why, They Are Never Unexpected There.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The state department has not yet been notified of the reported revolutionary outbreak in Nicaragua. The uprising is not unexpected.

REVOLT IS SPREADING

England Irritated by Bad Management in India.

LIVES BEING WASTED BY DELAY.

Firm Hand Needed at Once to Check the Disorder—Officials Dance and Dine While Brave Men Are Being Sacrificed at the Front—Troops Badly Hampered—Some Details of the Fight of Last Thursday—Men Burned Alive.

London, Sept. 20.—Popular irritation increases over the conduct of the campaign against the tribesmen in India. There is a cry for such another man as Lord Roberts of Kandahar to crush the growing revolt. In government circles there prevails a feeling of gratitude that parliament is not in session. They know that embarrassing questions would be asked touching the recent reverses, and that Lord George Hamilton, secretary of state for India, would find himself sorely puzzled to explain the culpable dilatoriness that has marked the actions of the Indian government.

People say that officials danced and banqueted at Simla while the rebellion was hourly gaining force. It took days for Lord Elgin and his entrourage to grasp the situation. They believed at first that the tribesmen would disperse upon viewing the red coats of the British punitive force—that it would be hardly necessary to fire a shot. These dreams have been shattered in a tragic manner.

Foe Not To Be Dispised.

A dozen brave officers and scores of the rank and file have fallen before the unerring aim of the Afridis, Orakzais, Mahmonds and other wild dwellers of the frontier. Many posts have been captured and destroyed and the fearful work is still progressing. News comes that the lower Mahmonds, whose habitat is south of Peshawur, have submitted and have agreed to pay a heavy fine and to surrender their arms, but these are only a few of the thousands who are now fighting against British rule.

The connection of the Afghan and Russian rulers with the uprising continues to be a mooted question. There certainly is good ground for suspicion that the czar and the ameer are working secretly against British influence. The public meanwhile is showing a savage temper over the rebellion, which, if not speedily quelled, may create grave trouble for the Salisbury government. Further loss of diplomatic and military prestige in this emergency would be fatal.

TROOPS BADLY HAMPERED.

The Difficulties of Transportation Are Enormous.

Bombay, Sept. 20.—Advices from the front show that the various columns are advancing against the Mahmukis from Janjkora and Shabkadr. As yet they have met with no serious opposition, but the difficulties of transportation in a mountainous and almost pathless country are immense. Another obstacle in the way of rapid movement is the lack of water.

The brigade of General Jeffreys has not joined in the advance. Saturday it left camp at Anayet with sixteen companies of infantry and four guns in order to reattack the enemy at the village at Damotagoa. The enemy made a desperate resistance, but were driven out into the hills. The British demolished their towers and captured 400 mule loads of supplies. As soon as the troops began to retire from the village the enemy reappeared in force. The retirement, however, was effected with great precision, the native troops behaving splendidly. Two Sikhs were killed and six wounded.

It is now known that the enemy's loss during the fight on last Thursday between the Mahmonds and the Second brigade of General Sir Bindon Blood in the valley north of Anayet was very heavy. The tribes engaged did not press the brigade during the retirement, but fresh tribesmen appeared. Captain Ryder's company of Sikhs virtually owed their lives to an Afridi sergeant of the guide corps, who, when the Sikhs had exhausted their ammunition and were desperately cutting their way back through the enemy, dashed up the hill under a heavy fire with a supply of fresh cartridges. He arrived just in the nick of time, as the swordsmen of the enemy were already among the Sikhs, who were absolutely unable, after the heavy climb and hard fighting, to continue a successful struggle.

Lieutenant Watson was thrice wounded while gallantly leading a handful of Buffs, who routed a large body of the enemy that was trying to storm the village on which General Jeffreys with guns had taken up a position after missing his main body in the gloom Thursday night. It appears that the enemy lost 180 men before they captured the Saragal police post. They burned alive two Sikh cooks whom they captured while out hunting for firewood.

Greece Is Sorry She Fought.

Athens, Sept. 20.—The condition of the treaty signed between the ambassadors of the powers on behalf of Greece and Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish foreign minister, at Pophanch palace, is universally pronounced by the Greek press to be exceedingly onerous. The organs of M. Delyannis, former premier, who commands an actual majority in the boule, violently attack M. Ralli and the cabinet, denouncing them as the real cause of the present misfortunes. The anti-Delyannis press abuses M. Delyannis as the "evil genius of Greece." The public generally accepts the result with mournful resignation.

Kaiser at Buda-Pesth.

Buda-Pesth, Sept. 20.—Emperor William of Germany arrived here at 10 o'clock Monday morning and was welcomed by Emperor Francis Joseph, the cabinet ministers and the civil and military authorities. The approach of the imperial train was heralded by a salute of twenty-four guns, and when it steamed into the railroad station all those present on the platform loudly cheered his majesty and the band played "Heil der Kaiser."

Southern Business Good.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 20.—Trade conditions continue encouraging. The Tradesman's correspondents located at the important centers of the south report a steady increase in business, all lines of trade showing more steady activity than for several years past.

JUDGE WHO CAN FIND A TRUST.

He Declares That Is What Is the Matter with a Live Stock Exchange.

Kansas City, Sept. 21.—The news of the decision rendered by United States Judge Foster declaring the Kansas City live stock exchange a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law caused a great deal of suppressed excitement at the stock yards here yesterday. Just what effect the decision will have on the methods of business at the yards in the future is a matter of conjecture. Some members of the exchange say the dissolution of the concern will be a severe blow to the live stock interests if it stands the test in the higher courts. The decision declares that the exchange is clearly a combination whose purpose is to restrict, control and monopolize the buying and selling of live stock at the Kansas City yards, and continues: "The methods and aims of many of these exchanges and boards of trade are not altogether beneficial to the business and commerce of the country.

"The crying complaint of today and the great menace to the welfare of the people is the tendency of wealth to monopolize and control by trusts and combines the products and industries of the country, and it must be confessed by every thoughtful observer that many of the so-called stock and produce exchanges are among the most potent instrumentalities for the accomplishment of these purposes by speculators and adventurers."

HOLD-UP OF BEN BUTTERWORTH.

Patent Commissioner Comes Very Near Losing a Comfortable Roll.

New York, Sept. 21.—The World has the following from Atlantic City, N. J.: A bold attempt at highway robbery occurred in broad daylight here yesterday, and the victim was Commissioner of Patents Butterworth. Two men, one of whom has been identified as a notorious crook, made the assault on Tennessee avenue, one of the most traveled thoroughfares of the city. There were a score or more of pedestrians within sight. Butterworth had been taking a drive, and exhibited a large roll of bills while paying the driver.

He then entered a saloon, and on emerging the cabman, whose name is Decker, solicited him to again use his cab. This he did, but when he entered the carriage he was struck a stunning blow in the face and the robber attempted to go through his pockets. Butterworth made a desperate struggle and finally onlookers rescued him."

University Wants All the Assets.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Depositors of the Globe Savings bank have little chance of getting any dividend for several months unless the courts decide not to grant the petition of the University of Illinois to file a lien on the assets of the defunct institution. In fact, it may be a long time before they get a small dividend at any rate, for in the event of the court refusing the petition the university trustees doubtless will appeal to a higher court, and this will tie up matters and prevent any dividends being paid until the matter is adjusted.

Child Fools with a Rifle.

Waukesha, Wis., Sept. 21. — Maude Fayles, the 10-year-old daughter of Fred M. Fayles, who resides at Fayesville, five miles from here, accidentally shot and killed her brother Freddie, aged 6, yesterday morning. The little boy was in bed and the girl was examining a 22-caliber rifle, which had been in use the day before and which had been left loaded. She accidentally pulled the trigger and the bullet crashed into the boy's skull, causing instant death.

Peary Is Back from Greenland.

Sydney, Sept. 21.—The steam sealing bark Hope, with Lieutenant R. E. Peary and party on board, returned from North Greenland, arrived here at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. All on board are well. The Hope came into port burning her last ton of coal and the huge Cape York meteorite, the largest in the world, is in her hold.

Frost Enough to Injure Corn.

Marshalltown, Ia., Sept. 21.—A heavy frost is reported by farmers in this vicinity early yesterday morning. Only late corn and tender vegetables will be materially injured.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Fair weather; warmer in central and northern portions; variable winds, becoming southeasterly. For Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa—Fair, warmer weather; light southerly winds, increasing.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 20.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 92¼c, closed 93⅝c; December, opened 92c, closed 92⅝c; May, opened 91¼c, closed 91¾c. Corn—September, opened and closed 28½c; December, opened 30¼c, closed 30⅜c; May, opened and closed 32½c. Oats—September, opened 19¼c, closed 19c; December, opened and closed 20⅜c; May, opened 23½c, closed 23¼c. Pork—October, opened $8.50, closed $8.47½; December, opened $8.55, closed $8.52½; January, opened $8.50, closed $8.52½. Lard—October, opened $4.72½, closed $4.72½; December, opened and closed $4.80.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 19c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@10c per lb; chickens (hens), 9c; spring chickens, 9½c; ducks, 7@7½c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 50@55c per bushel. Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, $2.75@3.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 20.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 27,000; sales ranged at $3.70@4.45 for pigs, $4.10@4.45 for light, $3.80@3.95 for rough packing, $3.85@4.40 for mixed and $4.00@4.35 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $5.15@5.75 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.10 good to choice do., $4.4@4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.90 stockers, $3.80@4.80 feeders, $1.90@4.20 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.2@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@3.9 Texas steers, $3.30@4.40 western rangers, and $3.50@6.00 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; quotations ranged at $2.90@4.00 westerns, $2.90@3.80 Texans, $2.45@4.25 natives, and $3.65@5.80 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Sept. 20.

Wheat—Unsettled; No. 1 northern, 93c; No. 2 spring, 90c; December, 90¼c. Corn—Higher; No. 3, 22c. Oats—Higher; No. 2 white, 22¼@23c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 47½c. Barley—Dull; No. 2, 42c; sample, 25@42c.

FOR MAKING BIG GUNS

Millions of Money To Be Asked from Congress.

PLANS FOR WAR IN TIME OF PEACE

The Guns To Be Manufactured for Twenty-Eight Ships Which Are in Need of Them—Captain O'Neill Will Recommend in His Report of the Bureau of Ordnance That Congress Appropriate $500,000 a Year for Gun Making.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Congress will be asked at its coming session to make a large appropriation for the manufacture of modern, high-power guns to be installed for service on board auxiliary cruisers of the United States navy in time of war. Captain Charles O'Neill, chief of the bureau of ordnance, proposes to make a recommendation in his forthcoming annual report that at least $500,000 be appropriated for this purpose. In the opinion of Captain O'Neill this sum is not too large to be authorized at one time. It is estimated that $3,000,000 will be required to equip with modern batteries the twenty-eight steamers now enrolled in the government service as auxiliary cruisers.

Will Take Fifteen Years.

At the rate which congress has followed for the last two years in dribbling out appropriations, fifteen years must elapse before sufficient money shall have been obtained to supply the ships now subsidized with the guns which their tonnage and structural strength call for. This period, of course, is greatly reduced if congress should adopt Captain O'Neill's recommendation and make an appropriation of half a million each year. Under the laws of the United States American vessels drawing subsidies and foreign built vessels which have acquired American register are available for impressment into war service. At the present time the largest number of the subsidized steamers belong to the third class. Only four vessels are rated as first class and two fourth class. There are no auxiliary cruisers of the second class.

First-Rate Cruisers.

The list of first-rate cruisers is composed of the St. Louis, St. Paul, Paris and New York, the property of the International Navigation company of New York. The battery which each of these ships will carry in time of war will be eight 6-inch guns; four 6-pounders and six machine guns. The batteries of the Paris and New York will be heavier. Each of these ships will be equipped with twelve 6-inch guns, six 6-pounders and six machine guns. The only other auxiliary cruiser which will carry 6-inch guns is the City of Sydney. This steamer belongs to the Pacific Mail Navigation company and connects San Francisco and Panama.

WORKING UNDER PROTECTION.

Militia Guarding the Miners Who Have Gone Back.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 20.—The strike situation again assumed an uncertain phase. An attempt to resume work was made at Pardee's Lattimer mines Monday, but only 300 out of 1,300 miners returned to work. These were mainly Italians, with a few English-speaking men. During the night the Hungarians paraded through the settlement, beating tin cans and kettles and raising a big racket. This was done to notify those of their race that they must not go back to work. The warning was observed, and Monday morning a band of Hungarians, led by women, were massing threatening to march on the mines later in the day. The Thirteenth regiment is keeping a close watch for further trouble. News of a disturbance at Eckley reached brigade headquarters about 9 o'clock Monday morning. The strikers there had fixed Monday for the decision whether or not to strike. The strikers attempted to return and the others gathered about the mine in a menacing manner. Companies C and E of the Fourth regiments were sent over and gave the would-be workers protection. The men at Drifton and Jeddo in the same district, did not go out. The 2,500 miners at the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre's McAdoo mines kept their word and returned to work under heavy military protection.

Association Declared Illegal.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 20.—United States District Judge Foster made a sweeping decision Monday morning when he declared the organization known as the Kansas Live Stock association illegal under the provisions of the anti-trust law. The exchange is an organization of commission men who control the sale of live stock in Kansas City. All stock which enters the city must pass through the hands of this organization. Judge Foster enjoins the commission from doing business and declares it an unlawful combination.

Shooting of That Negro Postmaster.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 21.—A postoffice inspector has finished a three days' investigation of the shooting of the negro postmaster at Hogansville, and it is said that as a result of his work two of the most prominent business men in the town will be arrested this week on a charge of attempting to assassinate the postmaster.

Snow on Skaguay Trail.

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—A special from Juneau, dated Sept. 13, says: The first snowstorm of the season swept over the mountains last night. The snow fell one and a half feet deep on Skaguay trail. Further progress can not be made on that trail, and the establishment of winter quarters must be begun quickly.

Money for Suffering Miners.

Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 20.—All of the churches in the city Sunday night took up collections for the suffering coal miners of the east. The amount will be placed in the hands of a committee that has been acting with the trades and labor assembly and will be sent by them to the relief committee.

Conductor Seriously Hurt.

St. Louis, Sept. 20.—A collision occurred near the Union station Sunday between the outgoing Wabash train and an incoming St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado passenger train. Conductor Charles Williams of Moberly received serious injuries. The Wabash engine was derailed and capsized.

LECTURED BY DEBS.

He Repudiates Threats of Violence by Social Democracy.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Eugene V. Debs attended a meeting of branch No. 1 of the Social Democracy at Journal hall Sunday afternoon and lectured its members soundly on the incendiary speeches of the preceding Sunday. Mr. Debs told them in plain language he did not favor the use of the dagger or the torch. He said he did not advocate arson and assassination. He repudiated the talk of revolution. He declared that violence and bloodshed had no part in the plans of social democracy. He said the hope of social democracy lay in peaceful methods, and he pointed to the ballot as the remedy for the evils complained of. He told the anarchistic element in plain terms that it would better withdraw from the organization.

The hall was crowded, and Mr. Debs was frequently interrupted with questions. One questioner, who asked if social democracy was not virtually anarchy, seemed to be hostile, but as a rule the meeting seemed to be in sympathy with Mr. Debs, applauding his repudiation of violence and laughing scornfully at the hostile questioner. Several police officers were present in citizen's clothing, but there was no excuse for their interference.

John J. Cook caused a mild sensation by resigning his membership and declaring that Debs had practically abandoned the colonization scheme and was seeking to make a political party. Fitzgerald Murphy, chairman of the executive board of branch No. 1, frankly acknowledged he had committed a mistake in making an inflammatory speech, and he announced he would endeavor to carry out Mr. Debs' programme of peace.

DIVORCED COUPLE RE-MARRIED.

W. H. Stoddard and Former Wife Once More Before the Altar.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., Sept. 20.—News has been received here of the reconciliation of W. H. Stoddard and wife of Fond du Lac, formerly of this city. Mr. Stoddard has recently leased the Opera house at Fond du Lac and will run it in connection with the Myers Opera house at Janesville, which he has managed the past three years. Mrs. Stoddard is a daughter of Daniel Seymour, a former banker of this city, the failure of whose institution in 1893 caused so much trouble to depositors and resulted in the financial ruin of Mr. Seymour and his family. Mr. Seymour is now residing at Daytona, Fla., where Mrs. Stoddard went shortly after the decree of divorce was granted her husband in a Janesville court. The remarriage of the parties occasions as much interest here as did the divorce proceedings, Mr. Stoddard having been engaged in business here many years before adopting his present occupation.

In Honor of Illinois Soldiers.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 20.—General H. V. Boynton, president of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga park commission, has arrived here and announced that the state of Illinois would begin at once the erection of two more handsome monuments, to cost $15,000 each. One of these will be on Orchard Knob, where the large body of Illinois soldiers fought on the first day's battle on Missionary Ridge. The other will be just north of Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge. The Illinois park commission will meet on Sept. 25 at Springfield and let the contract for the monuments. General Boynton also says the ten monuments erected by Illinois on the Trueblood place, are now in position.

Does Not Fear Starvation.

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—Right Rev. Peter T. Rowe of the Episcopal church, after an absence of two years in Alaska and along the Yukon river, has returned to civilization and is staying for a few days in this city. He reached the Klondike about the time that the gold excitement was at its height and he is of the opinion that the stories told of the mineral resources of that region are not at all exaggerated. When asked as to his opinion relative to the outlook for those who have gone into the country this year, the bishop said: "While there is sure to be some privations and want, still I do not believe there will be many cases of actual starvation."

Mrs. Norman J. Colman Dead.

St. Louis, Sept. 20.—Mrs. Norman J. Colman, wife of Norman J. Colman, ex-secretary of agriculture, is dead at the family residence, 5471 Delmar avenue. The deceased had been an invalid for the last fifteen years, and for several months past she had suffered from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Colman's name was Kate Wright. Her father was a captain, George Wright, a wealthy planter, and both he and her mother came to Missouri from Virginia, settling at Loutre Island, Montgomery county, where Mrs. Colman was born Oct. 2, 1843.

Big Fire in a Small Town.

Nicholasville, Ky., Sept. 20.—With the exception of the store of Joplin & Co., the entire business portion of the flourishing town of Wilmore, six miles south of this place, burned Sunday morning. The principal houses destroyed were: J. C. Bruce, general merchandise; O. C. Garvey, drugs; T. S. Barr, hardware; H. L. McLean, drugs; John Wilder, groceries; Ware & Fenner, general merchandise; postoffice; Steve Bourne, meat store. Total loss estimated at about $50,000; insurance about half.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase.

Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

It must be remembered that some alterations had been recently made in the disposition of the prisoners. Phil and Platoff had been removed from the central apartment of the prison to a kamera, or separate cell, which they shared with four other convicts, coarse, villainous looking fellows of a low and vicious grade. They were locked up securely in this cell every evening, and their supper was served to them here on the sleeping platforms. It was a dreary, ill smelling apartment, with a decayed plank floor and one small window crusted with dirt that opened on the prison courtyard.

On this particular evening Maurice ate his supper in silence, replying only in monosyllables to the queries of Phil and Platoff concerning his strange behavior that afternoon.

The other inmates of the kamera hurried through their meals and retired to their own corner of the platform. Maurice waited until the sound of heavy breathing assured him that they were asleep, and then, drawing the package from his bosom, he proceeded to open it before the astonished eyes of his two companions, briefly explaining as he did so how it came into his possession.

The outer covering was quickly removed, and the dim light of the tallow candle burning at their side revealed a strong bladed knife, a flat steel wedge with a sharp edge, a small sealed bottle and a scrap of paper covered with close writing. This latter Platoff seized and held close to the candle. As he read, his face flushed and his hands trembled with suppressed excitement.

"Ah, this is indeed fortunate!" he said, turning to Maurice. "Your bravery has obtained you a rich reward. She is truly a noble girl! Now repeat carefully what she told you, in order that I may know how to form my plans."

"And you really think escape will be possible?" asked Maurice eagerly, and in a whisper he related in detail all that had passed, explaining the location of the cave and by what signs it could be discovered.

Platoff listened intently, keeping meanwhile a watchful eye upon the sleeping convicts.

"Did I not read Melikoff's character rightly?" he said when Maurice ended. "And so he proposes shooting you or sending you to Yakutsk. For my part I should prefer the shooting."

"Where is Yakutsk?" asked Maurice.

"It is a province 1,000 miles to the north of Kara," replied Platoff grimly, "inhabited by a barbarous, half civilized race, who dress in skins and live six and seven in one small hut. The exile who goes there is domiciled with one of these families and suffers a fate worse than death. And yet," added Platoff, with bitter indignation, "I have known Russian women of refinement and education to suffer this most degrading of punishments. But keep up your courage, my boy. You shall not go to Yakutsk if I can prevent it. I must say that circumstances are strongly in our favor. In fact, we could hope for nothing better, for if once we get away from this prison the cave will afford us a secure hiding place until, as the girl says, the pursuit has spread far from here. Then for the valley of the Amur and Vladivostok, and I for one shall never be retaken alive."

A fearful expression that the boys had never seen there before appeared on Platoff's face.

"But now," he continued more calmly, "we must consider the most dangerous and important step. We are not yet out of the prison, and whether we shall ever get out depends on our own coolness and daring. Without this paper it would be hopeless, but here, you see, is a description of the prison, which makes our task much easier.

"This is what the girl says:

"'The prison lies in a large courtyard, inclosed by a stockade on three sides. This courtyard is broad and constantly guarded by armed soldiers, but the western end of the prison is built close to the stockade, and the narrow avenue between is visited only at intervals by a single sentry. With the bottle of chloroform stupefy the inmates of your cell. With the tools loosen a board in the floor and crawl under the prison, which is built on piles. Gain the western end, scale the stockade and go straight to the Kara river. Destroy this writing.'"

"That last injunction is important," said Maurice. "How shall we do it?"

For answer Platoff placed the scrap of paper in his mouth, and after chewing it for a moment swallowed it with a slight grimace.

"That disposes of that question," he said, "and now we must find a hiding place for our treasures."

This was by no means an easy matter, but after much consideration the knife and the wedge were driven into the underside of the platform far back from the edge, and the bottle was placed in a crack in the wall and covered with a piece of dry plastering taken from another locality. Just at this point the candle exhausted its last drop of tallow and went out, and at the same time the tramp of the guard was heard in the corridor.

"No more talking now," whispered Platoff, "or we will be suspected. Tomorrow night we will make the attempt. Keep up your courage and spirits."

Morning came, a cold, dreary day, with the snow still falling at intervals, and the convicts started as usual for the mines. The boys found it a difficult matter to conceal their feelings under the watchful eyes of the overseers, but they managed to pass through the ordeal remarkably well, and nothing occasioned comment among their companions or of the guards. They assumed a dull, listless expression at work and devoured their lunch with an apparent greed which they were far from feeling.

As for Platoff, he kept purposely away from them all day and joined the other gang on the return march at night. The evening verification was another dreaded ordeal, but it passed without incident, and five minutes later Maurice and his six companions were eating supper in their cell. The chosen time was at hand.

The dishes were taken away by one of the guards, and the door was bolted on the outside. Platoff waited until all were stretched on the platform, and then he blew out the candle, leaving the room in apparent darkness. It was not entirely so, however, for a dim glare shone through the window from the fires in the courtyard, which the guards had built to warm themselves, and when their eyes became accustomed to it the boys could see plainly every object in the room.

They remained quietly on their backs until it became evident that their fellow prisoners were asleep. Platoff gave the signal for action by rising cautiously and moving on tiptoe to the end of the platform. Satisfied with the inspection, he came back and whispered to the boys, "Lie very still and don't make a sound."

Then crossing the room, he took the bottle from its hiding place in the wall and approached the sleeping men. Maurice saw him tear a strip of cloth from his coat and apply it to the bottle two or three times, and immediately a peculiar odor was perceptible in the room.

Platoff rapidly and cleverly applied the chloroform to three of the sleeping men and then turned to the fourth, a tall, repulsive ruffian of the name of Jocka, who was lying on his side with his arms over his face.

The saturated rag was within three inches of his nose, when he suddenly rose to an upright position, and, facing Platoff, said in a loud whisper: "Not so fast, my friend! I thought something was up, and I have kept an eye on your movements. If you are going to leave, I intend to go with you. Oh, don't get angry! You can't help yourself, you see. Be reasonable or I shall call in the guard. How would you like that?"

The boys, trembling with fear at this unexpected interruption, awaited Platoff's answer. They were little prepared for what followed. For a brief moment Platoff faced the ruffian, who was smiling with the insolence of power, and then with a fierce leap he clutched him by the neck with one hand and with the other forced the wet rag against his nose.

For a few seconds the fellow struggled furiously with arms and legs; then, suddenly relaxing in Platoff's grasp, he dropped limply on the platform just as Maurice and Phil hurried to the spot to render assistance.

"It's all right," said Platoff in a voice that showed how deeply he was moved. "The scoundrel can't do us any harm now. It would have ruined our plans to have had to take him along. I hope the noise of the scuffle was not heard in the corridor"—

"Listen! What's that?"

"It must be the guard," whispered Maurice. "We are lost!"

"Yes, you are right," said Platoff. "The footsteps are coming this way. It is too late for concealment. He will smell the chloroform. Get behind the door there, quick! Such a chance of escape is worth great odds, and I'm going to take them."

He had no time to say more. As Maurice and Phil darted to one side the door creaked and opened. A bar of light shone in from a lamp in the corridor and was followed by a sturdy Cossack, who entered in a stealthy manner. His suspicions were well founded, as he must have realized a moment later, for Platoff's muscular arms fastened on his throat, and he was pressed bodily to the floor, unable to utter a sound.

"The chloroform—quick!" whispered Platoff.

Maurice seized the rag from the platform and at his bidding held it to the soldier's face.

"There, that will do," said Platoff, and he laid his burden quietly down.

He turned to Maurice, his face white and ghastly in the lamplight. "If they discover us now, we will be shot," he gasped. "Tear off your clothes, quick! Don't lose a second! There is but one chance left to us. We must try it."

"What do you mean?" demanded Maurice in bewilderment.

"This," whispered Platoff, fiercely pointing to the unconscious soldier. "That man is about your size and weight. His uniform will fit you nicely. The captain of the guard will pass through yonder corridor in a few minutes. You must be there to receive him with this Cossack's uniform and gun. Do you understand now?"

CHAPTER XVI.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

Maurice attempted to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. He was positively stunned by the daring of Platoff's plan. And yet what if it were possible to carry the ruse through? Its supreme audacity was really in its favor.

"Did you hear me?" hissed Platoff, grasping him roughly by the shoulders. "Nerve yourself, or all is lost! Our only salvation lies with you."

These words roused Maurice from his stupor. He alone could retrieve the disaster that confronted them.

"Yes," he whispered, "I understand. I will do what you say." With a firm hand he tore off his prison garb, the ugly gray shirt and trousers. Platoff had already stripped the Cossack of his uniform, and with feverish haste he assisted Maurice to pull on the dark green blouse and trousers, the high boots and the low cap.

"Now," he whispered, "take the gun and go out in the corridor. Bolt the cell door and pace slowly up and down. Keep your face away from the lamplight when the officer of the guard comes past. He may say something to you. If he does, answer as best you can and in a gruff voice. Above all be cool and resolute. If the officer passes without suspicion, draw the bolt of the door and give a slight rap with your hand. Now go. Every second is precious."

He pushed him gently into the corridor and closed the door softly. A sudden shudder of fear passed over Maurice as he realized his situation, and then his presence of mind returned. He softly drew the bolt into its socket, and placing the rifle on his shoulder began to pace the corridor, which was probably 40 feet long by 10 in width. Six doors opened upon it, three on each side, and at each extremity lay other corridors running at right angles.

A rude lamp hanging from the ceiling dimly lit up the scene, and at intervals from some of the neighboring cells could be heard a cough, or a fragment of whispered conversation.

With feelings that can be better imagined than described he continued his solitary vigil. From his own cell came no sounds at all, but he had no doubt that Platoff and Phil were hard at work.

Occasionally he heard the tramp of the sentries in the other corridors, and once from the main portion of the prison came a clink of glasses and a coarse laugh.

"They won't be inclined for merry-making a few hours from now if all goes well," thought Maurice with grim satisfaction. Then his thoughts turned to Lora, and in trying to imagine her joy on learning of his escape he forgot the ordeal in store for him. That unpleasant fact was brought to his memory with startling abruptness. In the neighboring corridor a rifle butt was dropped heavily to the floor, voices were heard in conversation, and then a second or two later footsteps approached.

Fired with a sudden inspiration, Maurice decided to look danger in the face. Pulling the visor of his cap over his eyes, he wheeled round and paced down the corridor with a slow, regular step. Years ago, before entering college, he had spent two years at a military school, and the instructions there received he now put into use. The most rigid martinet could have found no fault with his bearing as he marched forward to meet the approaching peril.

The lamp was behind him, so that his face was in shadow, the effect he had aimed to produce.

The footsteps were now close at hand, and suddenly an officer turned the angle, a young lieutenant with dangling sword and a pair of eyeglasses that gave him a fierce expression.

The lieutenant took a long pull at the contents.

Maurice coolly saluted and dropped his rifle to the floor.

"Everything right, is it?" asked the officer thickly, and Maurice noted with some uneasiness that he had been drinking.

"All's well," he responded gruffly, though his voice trembled in spite of his effort to control it.

Under his glasses the lieutenant stared fixedly, and with a sinking heart Maurice returned the gaze, believing that his identity was suspected. The next word reassured him.

"Russo," said the officer, "have you got a drop of vodka about you?"

Maurice felt himself trembling like a leaf, and then, hardly conscious of what he was doing, he plunged his hand into the pocket of his coat. Something hard slid into his grasp, and he drew out a small flask.

"Ah, you sly dog," exclaimed the lieutenant, and seizing the flask he took a long pull at the contents and handed it back. Maurice mechanically restored it to his pocket, and when he looked up the lieutenant was half way up the corridor. A moment later and he vanished around the angle.

Overjoyed at his marvelous good fortune and hardly able to believe it true, Maurice waited until the sentry in the next corridor had passed through his interview, and then hurried to the cell door. He drew the bolt noiselessly and gave a slight rap on the panel. A moment later it opened from within, and Platoff's head appeared at the crack. He shook with excitement when Maurice related what had happened.

"We are saved," he exclaimed, "my noble lad. You have effected our salvation. I shall never forget it. The officer of the guard will not make another round for an hour and a half or two hours. In that interval we should reach the cave unless some unforeseen complication occurs. But come in and close the door. All is in readiness for the start."

Maurice entered, to receive a warm welcome from Phil, while Platoff, after waiting a moment in the doorway to assure himself that the coast was clear, joined his companions.

"I was only waiting for your signal," he said. "I have just renewed the chloroform on those fellows, and on the Cossack too." And he pointed to the soldier's motionless figure stretched on the platform.

"I put your garments on him," he added. "When he wakes up, he'll know how it feels to wear convict clothes."

"And shall I keep the uniform on?" demanded Maurice with surprise.

"Yes," said Platoff. "It may be of some aid to you; who knows? And now we must be off. Look! This is what I have done while you were on guard duty in the corridor."

He pointed to a hole in the floor close to the platform, from which two planks had been ripped up.

"Now," he continued, "I will go first, and you must follow at once."

He glanced again through the cell to assure himself that no precaution had been overlooked, and then dropping to the floor he slipped through the hole and disappeared. Phil went after him, and Maurice brought up the rear.

"Just a moment now," said Platoff. And drawing his head and shoulders back into the cell he lifted the two planks into position and let them drop behind him into their places. "Not that it matters much," he observed, "for they will soon discover how we escaped, but it may give us more time."

The situation in which the boys now found themselves was anything but agreeable. The space between the ground and the flooring was not more than three feet, and from the unpleasant odor that saluted their nostrils it appeared to have been used as a receptacle for all sorts of refuse, no doubt dropped through holes in the floor.

"This is the critical time," said Platoff. "Don't make any noise, but stick close to me. The first thing is to gain the west flank of the prison."

Crawling on hands and knees, the boys followed their guide through the intense darkness. A faint glimmer of light was presently seen, and a moment later Platoff halted.

"Where are we?" asked Maurice.

"Wait a little," was the reply, "until I can pick a crack through these logs."

He worked industriously with his knife, making the dried mortar fly at every stroke, and then applied his eye to the orifice thus produced.

"Ah," he muttered, "this is the front of the prison. It is snowing fast outside, and the guards are standing around the fires. Everything is in our favor if only we are permitted to have time enough."

"I supposed this space opened on the courtyard," said Maurice. "Instead of that it seems to be hemmed in with logs."

"Don't let that annoy you," replied Platoff. "The building is old, and we will have no trouble to break through. I can loosen any one of the logs in five minutes. It is an easy matter now to get our bearings."

They started off again, guided by the wall of logs, and in a short time the angle was reached and turned. Platoff led on for a dozen yards or more before he came to a stop. "This is the place," he said. "Don't be impatient, but sit quietly down."

He drew his knife and commenced work on the logs. As soon as a crack had been excavated large enough to see through he stopped.

"This is the critical time," he observed, after taking a peep. "The stockade is only six feet distant, and at a certain interval, no doubt, a sentry passes through this narrow avenue. Nothing can safely be done until he has gone his round of inspection. We may be delayed half an hour, and perhaps not five minutes."

Platoff became silent, keeping his eyes glued to the crack, and the boys waited in an anxious state of suspense that was almost unendurable. They knew that in less than two hours at the very furthest their escape must be discovered, and unless they were clear of the prison at that time recapture was certain—and death by a rifle volley. The least noise overheard came to their ears with alarming distinctness, and with every passing footstep or clank of arms they imagined that all was discovered. A sharp "Hist!" from Platoff turned their thoughts in another direction.

"The sentry is coming," he whispered. "Don't utter a sound."

A faint tramp was audible from without, and then a shadow passed slowly by the chink in the logs. For nearly five minutes Platoff neither moved nor spoke. Then he attacked the log before him with tremendous energy, and the mortar flew in all directions, covering the boys with a coating of powdered lime.

"It's a good thing—this prison—was built by—convict labor," he muttered at intervals as he plied his knife; "good for us—I mean." A moment later he tore the bayonet from the rifle which Maurice had brought with him, and after a few jabs with the farther reaching weapon announced that the log was loose. He pried the bayonet in one end while Maurice used the wedge at the other extremity. Then working in concert the log was gradually drawn in, until Platoff was able to grasp and lower it to the ground. The hole thus made was a foot and a half high by six feet. Outside was revealed the thickly falling snow and the gray outlines of the palisade.

"The coast is clear," said Platoff after a brief survey. "The glare from the fires is visible at each end of the passage, but I don't think there is much danger of being disturbed. I don't intend to run any risks, though; so you two will remain inside till all is ready."

He nimbly crept through the aperture, and with the bayonet began to work at one of the big boards of the palisade.

It was evidently a harder task than he had anticipated. He inserted his bayonet first on one side, then on the other, but the board was firmly in place.

Then he put too much strength into the effort, and his weapon snapped sharply in two. At this critical moment death and disaster stared the fugitives in the face. Their best weapon broken, of what avail would be the knife or the wedge? Platoff flung the fragments on the ground and turned to the boys with a gesture of despair.

"I fear we are lost," he said hoarsely. "The stockade is firmer than I supposed. It is impossible to loosen any of the planks without tools. And even now our time must be nearly up."

"Ah, I have a plan," whispered Maurice. "The stockade cannot be more than 15 feet high. Take this log outside and stand it on end. I will mount the log, and you, Platoff, shall climb over my back to the top. You are strong enough to pull us both after you, are you not?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FUNCTION OF ETHER.

Without It There Would Be No Light, Radiant Heat or Magnetism.

"Whatever difficulties we may have in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether, there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body which is certainly the largest and probably the most uniform body of which we have any knowledge."

Such was the verdict pronounced some 20 years ago by James Clerk Maxwell, one of the very greatest of nineteenth century physicists, regarding the existence of an all pervading plenum in the universe in which every particle of tangible matter is immersed. And this verdict may be said to express the attitude of the entire philosophical world of our day. Without exception the authoritative physicists of our time accept this plenum as a verity and reason about it with something of the same confidence they manifest in speaking of "ponderable" matter or of energy. It is true there are those among them who are disposed to deny that this all pervading plenum merits the name of matter, but that it is a something, and a vastly important something at that, all are agreed. Without it, they allege, we should know nothing of light, of radiant heat, of electricity or magnetism. Without it there would probably be no such thing as gravitation—nay, they even hint that without this strange something, ether, there would be no such thing as matter in the universe. If these contentions of the modern physicist are justified, then this intangible ether is incomparably the most important as well as the "largest and most uniform substance or body" in the universe. Its discovery may well be looked upon as the most important feat of our century. —Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

BLACK ROCKS.

A Story of the Early Days of the Connellsville Coal Region.

A writer in Forest and Stream says that Elias Blank, one of the early settlers of what is now the great Connellsville coal region, in western Pennsylvania, was among the first Americans to burn soft coal. How the thing came about is thus described:

One night Mr. Blank was aroused by a rapping at his door. Opening it, he admitted a famous Indian fighter, Lewis Whetzell, and a companion, Jonathan Gates, commonly known as "Long Arms."

"Friend Lewis," said Blank, "where have thee and our friend been and where bound?"

"I want to get out of here at once," said Whetzell, "and Long Arms is of the same opinion. This country's bewitched, and Long Arms and I are nearly scared to death."

"Friend Lewis, thee must not tell such stories to me," said old Elias. "Thee knows I am thy friend, and I have saved thee when a price was on thy head. I know thou art a man of courage, and friend Jonathan Gates, whom some call Long Arms, fears nothing on earth, and I'm fearful nothing anywhere else, and yet thou tellest me that he and thee are scared even almost unto death. Shame on thee so to declare before thy friend, who loves ye both as he were thy father!"

"No, no, Elias," said Whetzell, dropping into the Quaker speech. "I tell thee no lie. We are scared. Yesterday afternoon we were in hiding about a mile from Dunkard creek, and in the evening we built a fire under the bank very carefully, and we got some black rocks to prop up a little kettle and put them beside the fire rather than in it, and the black rocks took fire and burned fiercely, with a filthy smoke and a bright light, and Long Arms said the devil would come if we staid, and we grabbed our kettle and poured out the water and made our way here, leaving the black rocks to burn."

Elias Blank was much interested. He did not tell Whetzell what the black rocks were, but he found out exactly where the men had made their fire, and when they went away he gave them each a new Ezra Engle rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with four pounds of powder and a supply of lead.

Then he hunted up their camping ground, found the "black rocks" and opened a coal bank into one of the river hills, and this coal bank is still in existence in a 12 foot vein of coal that is absolutely free from slate and burns like pitch.

Inopportune Shelling.

The troops were storming a temple or a palace, and O'Shaughnessy stopped before a mirror and stood twirling his mustache and admiring himself, though the bullets were whistling round him.

"Bedad, Shaugh," he said to himself, with a grin, "ye're a fine figure of a man."

Crash came a bit of lead, which starred the said mirror into a thousand cracks, quite obliterating Shaugh's features.

"Bedad," said he coolly, "ye've sp'iled a foine view that I had of meself."—London Mail.

The Minister's Mistake.

In a rural parish in the Mearns an Aberdeen divine, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, occupied the pulpit. Only one person attended service, and the minister apologized for the length of his discourse. His audience signified his approval of his preaching, and the minister continued. Guess his consternation when he discovered his audience consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saidt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful." —Miss Mary E. Saidt, Jobstown, N. J.

LONDON'S PAST PLEASURES.

How Its Inhabitants Amused Themselves a Century or Two Ago.

The Londoner in the long past might retire to Bagnigge Wells, near the present King's Cross, or Florida gardens, Brompton (Brompton was noted 100 years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone gardens and Bowling Green, mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668, or the Bayswater Tea gardens, which flourished till after the middle of the present century, there to sit in a summer house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbrier, drinking tea, then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage, and eating cheese cakes, "heart cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Musick," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward his visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the day," a great attraction, doubtless, for Londoners at a period when fruit and flowers were neither so cheap nor so abundant in the metropolis as they are at present. Nor were more artificial amusements lacking. In addition to illuminations, fireworks and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every sort.

A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "the flying man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveler in English atmosphere" by contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road, then a resort of fashion, and was uproariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later on aeronautic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century—were reckoned as another of their special attractions and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator."—Temple Bar.

Japanese English.

The Rev. Masazao Kagaren brought me a present of a tin of native preserved apricots put up at Nagano, bearing the inscription, "This apricots is very sweetest." Another tin—I think it was a sort of Japanese "Liebig"—was still more remarkably inscribed: "All the medicines of our company used to sell are not only manufactured of the pure and good material, but also, unless the article are inspected by the superintendent, they not sealed. It is true that their quality is best. If there was suspection about it, trust on official examination. If even in the slightest neglect the result is not good, our company should be responsible for it. Beware the trademark, sealing wax and wrapper of our company." In this connection I may remark on the curious signs in English (?) composed in cheerful independence of outside help. I have seen the equivalent of the English "mangling done here" rendered "the machine for smoothing the wrinkles in the trousers" and "Washman, ladies only," "Clothing of woman tailor, ladies furnished in upper story," "Instracted by the French horse leech," (this adorned the door of a veterinary surgeon and referred to the tuition under which the gentleman was trained). — From "Mountaineering In the Japanese Alps," by Rev. Walter Weston

The Man Fish.

Matthew Buchinger, mentioned in old English wonder books as the "man fish," was the most remarkable monstrosity of his time. He had neither hands, arms, feet nor legs. From his shoulders grew two finlike excrescences, and along his back there were several rows of scales. He had the lidless eyes characteristic of the fish species and a queer puckered mouth and no ea—

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Andrew Mack in "An Irish Gentleman."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jack and the Beanstalk."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Otis Skinner.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Secrets of State."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ANGLO-SAXON IMPERTINENCE.

Late Montreal dispatches state that the Rt.-Hon. Lord Chelmsford, G.C.B., and several other things, is engaged in inspecting the lines of defense between the United States and Canada. It seems that this person has held high commands in the British army, and has participated in campaigns against the Zulus, the Soudanese and other great powers of equal calibre, and hence is well equipped for his present mission. The G. C. B. (whatever that means), disclaims any official character, and says his inspection of the military resources of the Dominion is merely for the purpose of satisfying his own personal curiosity, and he actually expects us to believe that this is his sole object. How guileless these English military missionaries are. Here is a venerable septuagenarian, who instead of resting on the laurels won in the mighty Zulu wars, leaves his luxurious mansion at 'ome, undertakes a long and dangerous journey, submits to the crude inconveniences of Canadian taverns, and actually endangers his valuable life on transatlantic railways. Then he will take plans of the fortifications, examine the ordnance, inspect the troops, regular and militia, etc.; then having accumulated all this valuable information he will file it away in his private archives for the use of his posterity, and never give the slightest intimation to his government of the results of his disinterested labors. This is a very likely story, but we are so incredulous as to entertain serious doubts as to the truth of it.

"His lordship" thinks the Niagara frontier would be the crucial point in the event of war, and says he will spend a few days between Toronto, the Welland Canal and Buffalo. He evidently thinks Buffalo is in Canada. While in that locality we hope he will not overlook a certain place called Ridgeway. He will readily learn how a handful of Irish veterans, under Gen. John O'Neill, quietly crossed the Niagara; how the appropriately styled "Queen's Own" left their mammas weeping behind them and "in all the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war" marched like grisly warriors to repel the invaders; how they stood until they received one volley, then came suddenly to "about face" and broke all former records in sprinting. They ran to—well, we have never yet heard where they ran to, nor where they halted, if they have halted. The Zulu warrior might also inquire about a little affair which took place on Lake Erie a few miles from the mouth of the Niagara, in which a young American sailor named Perry encountered a British fleet, and when he had battered it to kindling, thought so little of it that being short on paper and long on captured British ships and men, he contemptuously wrote to his government: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The G. C. B. will doubtless visit Lake Champlain, along whose shore Burgoyne's red coats marched to surrender themselves, horse, foot and artillery at Saratoga; and on whose waters an American commodore of the very Irish name of MacDonough, with a greatly inferior force, actually smashed to pieces a British fleet, capturing nine vessels and 103 guns, "and winning a higher fame," says Roosevelt in his history of the naval war of 1812, "than any other commander of the war, American or British." His lordship says "there is always a possibility of war between America and England," but recent events prove that she is not hunting for such possibilities, as several of them have been presented to her of late which she has dodged very carefully. The Zulus, the Afridis and the Soudanese are more to her taste than Americans.

"His lordship" says, "he does not thiuk the United States would be able to overrun Canada at the very outset." Well that is not very encouraging to the Canadians to say the least of it, as it very plainly intimates that we would overrun them ultimately, as we very surely would. But his lordship has discovered what would help Canada to repel the first onslaught, and he very frankly says, "The war would by no means be popular in the United States. There would always, I believe, be a division of sentiment in the United States as to the justification of any war that might spring up between Great Britain and America, and this division of sentiment would result in a lack of enthusiasm in the prosecution of the campaign the same as in 1812."

How confidently this English emissary counts on the presence of Anglo-Saxon traitors, and he is correct, too. We have often pointed out the pestilent little tribe to which he refers. They are the descendants of the New York Tories whose progenitors prayed for George Rex until Nov. 25, 1783, when the English enemy evacuated that city. These, with a few British emigrants and their broods, constitute the entire gang of very offensive but perfectly innocuous un-American microbes. The first appearance of a British war ship with hostile intent would be sufficient warning to set them scurrying off to the interior to save their worthless carcasses. The division of sentiment Mr. Chelmsford hopes for would be like a drop of dirty water in Lake Michigan. But he must have been reading a little American history, as he is moved to remark that "this division of sentiment would result in a lack of enthusiasm the same as in 1812." Well there was some trifling opposition to the war in small spots on the New England coast, but old England after committing vandalisms which would have disgraced Genseric, was conquered on land and sea. We have never heard that the remnants of Pakenham's routed army ever complained of our lack of enthusiasm when—but let Jackson himself tell the story.

After describing his 6,000 almost undisciplined men and the slight intrenchments, two feet and a half high, behind which they lay, he says: "I own it was an anxious moment. I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by 'the Duke' himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law, and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp; their powder might not burn well. Seventy, sixty, fifty, finally forty yards were they from the silently kneeling riflemen. All I could see was their long rifles resting on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well. Not a shot was fired until the red coats were within forty yards. Then I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out, 'Now men, aim for the centre of their cross belts! Fire!' A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire, there came another sharp ringing volley. As I came near Coffee's line the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening. The British were falling back in a confused disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For two hundred yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing wounded, dead and dying red coats, etc. The British strength was about the same as mine, but vastly superior in drill and discipline. Of their force my riflemen killed and wounded 2,117 in less than an hour, including two division commanders, the commander-in-chief, seven full colonels and seventy-five line and staff officers. I lost six killed and seven wounded. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. 'We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do,' they said."

The Duke of Wellington denounced the first report of the battle as a—Yankee lie, but when the wreck of Pakenham's splendid army substantiated the report all Europe was astounded, as well it might be. Now if such an unparalleled defeat of England's choicest troops was effected with a lack of enthusiasm we ask the G. C. B. what might have been expected if there had been no such lack?

But "his lordship" has announced that he will inspect the United States defences. Will he, indeed? Has it occurred to him that we have a government on this side o the Canadian frontier, and that probably it will have something to say about that. The great defenses in New York harbor have been jealously guarded from public observation for years, and in the name of our country we protest against this prying English spy being permitted to investigate them or any of our defences for any purpose whatever. If his curiosity is so innocent let him attempt an investigation of the defences of France, Germany or Russia, and see what a reception he would receive from either. He wont try it. They are apt to shoot men over there whose curiosity leads them to spy around their defenses, and Gen. Alger should tell the man very plainly that he will permit no foreign emissary to investigate ours.

CONQUERING ENGLAND WITH HER OWN WEAPONS.

A few weeks ago a large consignment of American steel rails was sold to parties in British India, more recently a railroad company in Ireland bought several thousand tons of the same material from American manufacturers, and now, most wonderful of all, we learn that American tin-plate is beginning to find a market in England, and that several large tin-plate factories in Wales have been compelled to close. When we know that less than ten years ago not one tin-plate was made in America, and that many of our own people doubted our capacity to make them at all, the above is little short of miraculous. Thus we are conquering England without going to war. If we continue this good work, and France and Germany keep on thrusting England from the markets of the world as they are doing, a few years will see her hungry mechanics clamoring for bread and her streets blazing with incendiary fires. This will be the beginning of the end, and the sooner it comes the better it will be for Ireland, India, Egypt, the Soudan and every other spot on earth where her felon flag pollutes God's free air.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The Daily Independent of Dublin, in its issue of the 5th inst., had a review of the annual report of the National Education Commissioners of Ireland, which it considers, on the whole, encouraging: "On Dec. 31 last there were 8,606 national schools in actual operation, showing an increase of 49 on the previous year. Of these 8,178 were absolutely free of school fees, thanks to the operation of the Act of 1892. The number of children on the rolls on the same date was 815,248, or a decline of 10,798 compared with the previous year. The average daily attendance increased by 15,442 compared with 1895—a most satisfactory advance which cannot be entirely accounted for by the operation of the Compulsory Education act in the centres in which it is enforced. The average daily attendance represents a percentage of 65.6 of the pupils on the rolls—the highest percentage on record. In connection with the attendance at the national schools, it should be noted that only 16,804 pupils over 15 years of age are included in the average daily attendance for the year 1896.

"This," says the Independent, "is a very small proportion, and when we consider that 68.6 of the pupils on the rolls on Dec. 31 last were under 11 years of age, it becomes exceedingly doubtful whether it would not be a mistaken policy to introduce into the schools anything like an elaborate scheme to technical education, which would divert the attention of teachers from their proper duties, and make no lasting impression on an essentially juvenile class of pupils. In the matter of regularity of attendance a very substantial improvement has been made during the past six years. The number on the rolls has declined, but the average daily attendance has increased from 60.4 to 65.6 per cent, the number who made 100 attendances and upwards in the year increasing from 571,861 in 1887 to 606,876 in 1896. The record is a creditable one for our people, especially in the rural districts, where no compulsion has existed at any time during the decade. Viewed from the religious standpoint, an overwhelming proportion of the pupils attending the national schools belonging to the Roman Catholic persuasion. The percentages are—76 Roman Catholic, 11 Irish church, 10.8 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist. In 5,248 schools only one denomination attended; in 2,331 of the remainder, taught by Catholic teachers, 94.6 of the pupils were Catholics, while in 951 schools under Protestant teachers—all but a hundred of them being in Ulster—10.3 per cent of the pupils were Catholics, and 89.7 Protestants of all denominations. The purely Catholic schools numbered 3,872, and the purely Protestant 1,376. In a word, 62.2 per cent of the children attend denominational schools.

"Turning now to the statistics relating to the teachers, we find that 12,000 principals and assistants were in the service of the board at the close of last year. Of these only 5,381, or 44.8 per cent were trained. The percentage of trained teachers has improved, but it is still highly unsatisfactory. It must be deemed all the more unsatisfactory when we are told that the training colleges are not able to supply teachers for the vacancies arising during the year. Last year there were 551 vacancies; but only 302 trained teachers were made available by the colleges during the year. The commissioners should make an effort to improve the rate of progress as regards the vital question of training, on which the future of elementary education in Ireland materially depends. A gratifying feature of the returns is that both the answering of the pupils and the classification of the teachers are improving, the latter rapidly. The percentage of first-class teachers has gone up from 12.2 in 1886 to 20.4 in 1896, the second-class percentage increasing in the same period from 39 to 44. The cost of elementary education during the year ending March 31 last was £1,204,606, from all sources, or £2 5s 6½d for each child in average daily attendance. The average cost per head to the State in ordinary schools was £2 2s 8d; in model schools, £4 3s 3½d; in convent schools, paid by classification, £2 2s 3½d, and in convent schools paid by capitation, £1 17s 8d.

"In justice to the model schools, it should be pointed out that the teachers receive a special rate of pay, while, as regards the pupils, they are, to a great extent, in the senior classes, and earn for their teachers large sums of results fees. Though the statistical portions of the commissioners' report are interesting in themselves, the most instructive part of the volume is that devoted to the reports of the inspectors on the state of elementary education in Ireland."

WELCOME NEWS.

"SIMLA, Sept. 18.—The reverses suffered by the British force under Gen. Jeffreys in an attack upon the Gomands in the valley north of Camp Anayat, is regarded most seriously. It was stated in semi-official circles that if the situation does not improve promptly, the whole border will be in arms."

It must be remembered that the Afridis and their kin and tribes (whom may God prosper) have no way to tell the world their side of the story. Everything we hear from the seat of war is from British sources and they never lie—against England. Therefore when such news as the above leaks out the situation must be "regarded most seriously" indeed, for the invaders. The Khyber Pass has an ominous sound in the ears of English marauders, who cannot yet have forgotten how Akhbar Kahn cut to pieces an entire English column in its gloomy defiles in the early forties, nor can they have forgotten—"The brave old Dost who Britain crost, Hurrah for Dost Mohamed!"

SUCCESS OF IRISH DAY IN NASHVILLE

Irish day, Sept. 21, at Nashville, Tenn., was, by general acknowledgment, the most successful commemoration, excepting, perhaps, Nashville Day, that has yet graced the splendid Centennial Exposition of the old and gallant Volunteer State. Not even the terrors of Yellow Jack could keep back the Irish people of Augusta, Atlanta, Mobile, Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and other great cities of the North and South. The parade, civic and military, was superb, and the organizations that attracted the most attention, and received the greatest proportion of cheers, were the Union and Confederate veterans and the soldierly detachment of the Clan-na-Gael Guards of this city, commanded by Major J. J. Reilly and chaplained by Rev. Father Crimmins. These latter were applauded at many points along the line of march, which all of Nashville, not in the procession, witnessed. Liberty and the Genius of Erin were both represented, the former attended by forty-five beautiful maidens, representing the states, and the other by thirty-two equally handsome ladies representing the counties of Ireland. Another body that attracted great attention was the stalwart battalion of the uniformed rank of the Hibernian Knights of Louisville, Ky. The fine brigade of the Tennessee National Guard, headed by Gen. Smith, gave additional eclat to the occasion. Several officers of the United States army also participated, and the regular artillery and two squadrons of the 3d United States cavalry took part in the brilliant sham battle of the afternoon, which was witnessed by an immense mass of people. The literary exercises were held in the Auditorium building, on the Exposition grounds, at noon, when addresses were delivered by the chairman, Thomas W. Wrenne, Gov. Taylor, ex-Senator Walsh, of Georgia, John F. Finerty, of Chicago and the Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Ohio. In the evening there was a magnificent display of fireworks.

The American Irish of the South—Tennessee and Kentucky in particular—and of the entire Union, have a right to feel proud of the magnificently patriotic display of last Tuesday, when Nashville clothed herself in green in their honor. The gentlemen who mainly aided in making Irish Day a success are, among others, President Wrenne, of the Irish-American Centennial Association; Dr. J. M. Coyle, who was grand marshal of the procession; Oliver J. Timothy, chairman of the executive committee; Judge M. M. Trecy, Nicholas Breen, James Killilea, M. J. Martin, J. L. Driscoll, Bernard McCabe and many others, whose names it is impossible to include in this article, but who will be duly mentioned in next week's issue. Among the well-known Irish-Americans who attended from other cities were the venerable, and ever patriotic, Patrick Bannon, of Louisville, Ky.; William Fitzgerald, the gifted editor of the Catholic Journal of the New South, and Martin Kelly, Memphis, Tenn., and Daniel J. Gallery, of this city. Not a single accident, or unpleasant incident, marred the pleasure of Irish Day at Nashville, and the handsome and distinguished Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, who was present on the platform during the literary exercises, with his entire staff, said that it was one of the most successful demonstrations he had ever witnessed.

FAMINE IN IRELAND.

Again comes the horrible intelligence that failures of the potato and oat crop in several counties are so serious as to threaten another famine, and as in the case of India we unhesitatingly assert that there is not now and there never was any good reason why there should be famine in Ireland, and further that the British government is responsible for the death of every human being who has died of starvation in our unhappy island since the accursed day when the first detested invader landed there. Centuries ago, with cold blooded fiendish cruelty, that vile government deliberately determined that as the spirit of our people could not be broken by war it must be subjugated by want, and the "good" Victoria has witnessed the decimation of our people with as much indifference as her tiger-hearted predecessor Elizabeth. There are no better established facts in history than that a merely agricultural country is always exposed to the danger of famine, and that while in countries of largely diversified industries scarcity of food may exist, famine is impossible. The professors of the dreary science of British political economy understood this well when they planned the destruction of our ancient Irish manufactures.

Long before the Norman pirates and their brutal Saxon men-at-arms landed in Ireland our fathers were expert woolen weavers, and their elegant fabrics held the foremost place in all the marts of Europe. Although it was not until the 14th century that the English began to weave their own clothing, having been, previous to that time, dependent of the Netherlands for their woolen cloths; until then, too, there was no motive to interfere with our industry, but as soon as it began to compete with the English product, it was doomed, and every effort was made to effect its destruction. Laws were enacted so infamous as to draw from the great French publicist, Montesquieu, the expression that they were "conceived by devils, written in human blood and registered in hell." Mooney in his "History of Ireland" says:

"The merchants and manufacturers of Bristol, jealous of the manufactures and commerce of Ireland, complained to King William III. by address that the cheapness of provisions in Ireland, the advantages of water power, and goodness of the climate doth invite over his majesty's subjects to settle there, and if a stop be not put to it by legislative enactment that country (Ireland) would possess itself of the chief trade of the empire. Upon which King William replied, 'Gentlemen, I shall do all in my power to promote the trade of England and to discourage the woolen manufactures of Ireland.' Now, how did the Dutch king proceed to keep his word with his English subjects? In this way, Acts 11 and 12 of William III. provide that 'the export of wool and of the woolen manufactures from Ireland be prohibited under the forfeiture of goods and ship, and a penalty of £500 ($2,500) for each offence.'"

Commenting on this accursed law the bold Dean Swift says: "The products of our looms were partly sent to the northern nations from which we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar and hard dollars. A man could hardly receive £100 without finding coin of all the northern powers among it." This cruel act was amended by the embargo laws, which forbade the merchants of Ireland to trade with any foreign nation or with any colony of Britain direct or to export or import any article except to or from British merchants resident in England. These brutal laws drove out of Ireland two hundred thousand human beings. The very men who fought for William at the Boyne, and whose Orange descendants drink maudlin toasts to his "pious and immortal memory," were utterly beggared by this infamous law. And then succeeded a century of such woe and suffering as never cursed any other nation on earth. The brave patriotic tariff of the Grattan parliement, by excluding English and all other foreign goods which Ireland could produce herself, performed miracles for the people.

Mooney continues: "No other nation in the world—not even the expanding United States—swelled into more brilliant opulence than Ireland did in the space of those twenty years. Artists and artisans came thither from Scotland, France and England, attracted by the unbounded encouragement which the nation through its parliament afforded to every enterprise, to every invention, to every development of mind and labor. The population swelled in that time from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 and the wages of common labor doubled and trebled."

Of course this could not be tolerated, and while the brave old land was bleeding at every pore after the ever-glorious struggle of '98, the doubly-damned Act of Union was forced on her, and at one fell swoop down went every industry except linen, and that was and is largely in the hands of our deadliest enemies. Careful writers estimate that 200,000 people were thrown out of employment. That number with those dependent on them would approximate 1,000,000 souls, and then came the terrible struggle for land during which the robber landlords, taking advantage of the misery of the wretched people, raised the rents until payments became impossible. This frightful condition of affairs finally culminated in the horrible, ghastly famine of '47, which has been repeated nearly every decade since.

Parnell, who had evidently studied this subject well, demanded, and Gladstone refused, to incorporate in his Home Rule Bill the right to protect Irish industries against deadly competition with England. From their different standpoints they were both right. Parnell knew that without that privilege any parliament would be utterly powerless to give Ireland anything like prosperity, and Gladstone knew that Ireland could only be prosperous at England's loss. And yet for just such an emasculated form of Home Rule the energies of the Irish people have been wasted for years, and although Ireland's population has been reduced a full half, famine is impending again, and just so long as the people are depending upon the wretched potato crop for existence famine may be expected any year, and they will be dependent on it until a more manly policy prevails, and they cease to send delegations to the enemy's parliament to be sneered at and insulted like inferiors and bondsmen.

"IRELAND IN PICTURES."

THE Chicago Chronicle is handling "Ireland in Pictures," the same being over 500 beautiful photographic scenes of Ireland. The pictures are large and cover the principle points of interest in the four provinces. One good feature of this work is that no one section is slighted or favored. These views are placed before the public in portfolio form of sixteen pictures to each portfolio. Particular attention is called to the pictures. The literary and historical sketches, which are contributed by the editor of this paper, will speak for themselves and no comment is herein sought to be made or opinion expressed. We wish, however, to state that this publication is one that should be seen by the people of this country regardless of nationality, and will be doubly interesting to all Irish men and women. The cozy cottages, the rural roadways, the winding rivers, and beautiful loughs, the towering mountains, the villages, towns and cities, round towers, abbeys and shrines, churches, cathedrals and cemeteries, and the battle-fields and eviction scenes are all therein truthfully pictured and will be a source of interest to all who are fortunate enough to obtain them. We call attention to the fact that the Chicago Chronicle is handling them because that paper is the only medium through which these portfolios can be obtained, and special attention is called to next Sunday's issue of the Chronicle.

THE MISSION OF THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.

When England was exhausting her devilish ingenuity in devising schemes to get rid of us, she had not foresight enough to see that she was building up a power in the United States far more potent than it ever could have become at home. While we have intermarried and assimilated with the great American people, we have not lost our identity as a distinct race, and it is not desirable that we should. The more intensely Irish we are the better Americans we will become, and the more we hate the English government the stronger will be our love for America. The memory of some of our fellow-citizens seems to be defective with reference to England's baseness and barbarity to this republic every time she has had an opportunity to exhibit either. Not only does she hate us with an undying hatred, but she can never forget that we have conquered and humiliated her before the world in two wars; that we have become her greatest rival in commerce and mechanical pursuits. We are competing with her even in her home markets in articles in which she (up till very recently) enjoyed a monopoly.

But the recent law which levies a discriminating duty of 10 per cent over and above the regular duty on all goods imported in foreign bottoms will be a more deadly blow to her commerce than a dozen naval defeats, and here is the proof. In 1789 we carried 10 per cent of our exports and imports and England carried 90 per cent. In that year a law similar to the above was passed, and in 1812 we carried the 90 per cent and England carried 10 per cent. It will be so again if we have sagacity enough to attend to our own interests in a business-like way. And our good-hearted American friends believe in the existence of England's friendship with all the above rankling in her memory! Fortunately for them and the Republic, the Irish element has no such belief. Seven hundred years of bitter experience has taught us that England's nature is composed of sordid selfishness, unscrupulous rapacity, grasping avarice and boundless cupidity which stops short of no crime to enrich herself at the expense of her weaker neighbors. Every nation with which she has came in contact has ample proofs of the truth of this assertion. Our mission then is to use our experience for the best interest of America by watching with ceaseless vigilance every move on the chessboard of English diplomacy, by exposing her hypocritical pretenses of friendship for this or any other Republic, by

opposing with all our strength her every attempt to interfere in American legislation, and by being ever ready to meet her ashore and afloat whenever and wherever she has the termerity to make war on our adopted country.

ENGLAND AGAIN CHECKMATED BY RUSSIA.

"TACOMA, WASH., Sept. 12.—Papers received today brings much news of interest from the Orient. Russia is steadily increasing her hold on Korea and China, much to Japan's discomfiture. Russian influence now predominates at Seoul, where Japan had hoped to control the situation. English officials in the Orient are much concerned at the latest news from Pekin, to the effect that one clause of the new Russo-Chinese railway convention makes the country through which the line will pass in Manchuria a regular concession to Russia, inasmuch as united courts will be instituted at each large railway station and the policing of the country within certain limits will be left entirely to the Russians. Between these limits all Chinese authorities will be excluded."

We do not wonder that English officials "are much concerned" at this news, but it is of no consequence to Russia whether they are concerned or not. The time has gone by for that. Japan has made great advances of late, but she had better attend to her own private affairs and not involve herself in troubles with Russia or the United States, or she will live to regret her victories over the Chinese. She will need vastly more strength and experience before she can play successfully at the great games of war or diplomacy with any of the great powers. Japan must have seen already that the ablest English diplomatists have been the merest tyros in the hands of the astute Muscovites. Salisbury's blundering diplomacy has cost England more loss of prestige than she can ever regain. While her attention was engaged in the Greek imbroglio, the Czar was preparing an extensive surprise for her in China. At the same time the exuberant display of friendship between Alexander and President Faure must have given England great cause for uneasiness. There was nothing very alarming in the dining and wining business; that was visible to all; but what she is intensely interested in was what was not visible at all. France, together with her ancient grievances against perfidious Albion, has recent causes of complaint. She is deeply chagrined because of England's continued occupation of Egypt, and has done everything short of declaration of war to compel her to evacuate that country.

But England will not withdraw her troops because that would seriously endanger her possession of the Suez Canal, and the loss of that short cut to the far East would compel her to transport troops, supplies and merchandize by the long and dangerous voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. France cannot forget that although French skill, capital and perseverance accomplished the great waterway from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, yet her natural enemy controls it now, and as this is a part of the Indian problem doubtless it was not forgotten in the private interviews between the rulers of Russia and France, both of whom are deeply interested in it. The usually well informed Globe-Democrat of St. Louis says: "The compact may not, and very likely does not, mean as much as the French populace thinks it does, but every court in Europe appears to realize that it furnishes some sort of an understanding by which the relations of these two countries toward each other, and consequently toward the rest of the Old World, are changed. Viewed in any aspect this Franco-Russian connection is the most important European diplomatic event of recent years."

Whatever it means we may be sure it means no good to England. Her spasmodic ship building by which she hopes to create a fleet as large as the combined fleets of the world, is sufficient proof that she expects to meet a considerable number of the great powers at no very distant day, and her hypocritical attempt to tie the hands of the United States in a general arbitration treaty when there was nothing to arbitrate was plain confession of weakness, which she exposed to the world and gained nothing thereby. The most superficial observer must see the great importance of the above concession, and that it is a very sagacious move on the part of China. Her late disastrous war with Japan has evidently opened the eyes of her statesmen to the stern necessity of securing a strong ally in case of future trouble with the Mikado, and they have done so by virtually presenting to her the valuable province of Manchuria, the field of operations in the late war. It lies directly opposite Japan, and hereafter she might as well attack St. Petersburg. So much for what China has gained.

Now what has Russia gained? The great trans-Siberian and Kolyvan railroads, both of which are now under construction, will traverse Manchuria, which lies between Russia and the Japan Sea. When this vast system is completed, direct railroad communication may be opened from the Baltic to the Pacific. And here again the inevitable Indian question looms up. Russian and Chinese Turkestan are neighboring states and are inhabited by the same race; the former forms the northern and the latter the eastern boundary of Afghanistan, and, more important still, the Chinese empire is the northern frontier of British India, almost throughout its entire extent. If we unite the populations of China and Russia we find the enormous number of over 500,000,000 souls. If then, as is more than likely, Russia has negotiated offensive and defensive alliances with France and China, we can form an idea of the war England will have on her hands when Russia moves on British India, and that she will do so in her own good time no sensible man can have the slightest doubt. At present Russia can only reach India through Afghanistan, but by the permission of China she can attack the English wherever she pleases.

It may be urged that Chinese soldiers would be useless to Russia if she needed them, as the late war with Japan proved they were very poor material; but it proved nothing of the kind. It merely proved that men armed with spears, bows and arrows and antiquated fire arms, and led by officers utterly ignorant of the art of war, were beaten by men of almost the same race equipped with modern rifles and artillery and intelligently officered. The American general, Ward, who served many years in China, says the Chinese make excellent soldiers. In the hands of Russian officers they would soon be as efficient as Sikhs or Sepoys. We repeat then that we do not wonder the English are concerned at the news from the Orient. They have great reason to be concerned, and worse still they cannot help themselves. Twenty-five years ago war would have been declared against China for far less than this concession, but war with China now would mean war with Russia, and that would precipitate England's loss of India, therefore she will postpone the evil day as long as possible, and the longer she postpones it the worse for her when it comes.

WE hear considerable talk nowadays about the French-Russian alliance, the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, but the silence about England's alliance with any power is monumental. Why? Because every nation on earth hates and distrusts her, and no one wants an alliance with her on any terms whatever.

AFTER President Faure's return from his love-feast with the Czar, the boorish English diplomats failed to join in the festivities by illuminating their embassy, and crowds of students raised the old familiar cry of "Down with England." The insult was atoned for by the arrest and caution of two little gamins.

AND now we are gravely informed that there is some probability of an alliance between England and Italy. Sneered at by Germany, despised by Russia, detested by France, scouted by America and spurned by her ancient ally the Turk, the discredited old pirate turns in her extremity to poor bankrupt Italy, which has been all but driven into the sea by the semi-civilized Abyssinians, and whose wretched people are loaded down with a national debt of $,324,826,329, being a per capita debt of $77. England's necessities must be desperate indeed when she even thinks of such an alliance.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry J. Lyons, connected with firm of Coyne Bros., commission merchants of South Water street, has returned from a three weeks' trip through Iowa; he also visited at the home of Judge Waldron, where he had a delightful time. Mr. Lyons reports abundant crops all over that State, and everything prosperous. He was accompanied by Miss Kearns, of Holy Cross, Iowa, on his return trip.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.

Commencing at 10 p. m., Sept. 12, and every night thereafter at the same hour, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train will leave the Union Passenger Station (Canal and Adams streets, Chicago) with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and is first class in every respect. All the modern facilities of travel are included in this direct route to Colorado—the Eldorado of the West. The allied lines, composing the route, viz., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Rock Island & Pacific—Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs—have united to make this the most popular route to all points west of the Missouri river. Sleeping car reservations may be made two weeks in advance by calling at the city ticket office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 95 Adams street, Chicago, or by letter or postal card addressed to C. N. SOUTHER, city ticket agent. Telephone Main 2190.

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The dead who died for Ireland! O! these are living words
To nerve the heart of patriots—to steel avenging swords—
They thrill the soul when spoken, and lowly bends the head
With reverence for the memories of all our martyred dead.

The dead who died for Ireland—the noble ones—the best,
Who gave their lives for motherland, who poured upon her breast,
In freedom's cause, the blood she gave—who, with their dying breath
Sent prayers to God to heal her woes—then sealed their love in death.

The dead who died for Ireland!—how hallowed are their graves!
With all their memories fresh and green, oh! how could we be slaves?
How could we patient clang the chain? How could we fawn and bow?
How could we crouch like mongrels 'neath the keeper's frowning brow?

Ye dare not, men of Ireland. Ye dare not thus disgrace
The dead who died for Ireland!—the guardians of our race.
'Twas blackest sin to bear the yoke, 'twas crime to kiss the rod—
Their very blood would rise and cry for vengeance up to God.

The dead who died for Ireland! Ah! what a sea of woes,
What depths of foul oppression do those sacred words disclose;
On the field and on the scaffold, and wherever men could die,
They gave their priceless lives without a murmur or a sigh.

The dead who died for Ireland! Oh! were they still alive,
They would trample on the fetters—they would break th' accursed gyve!
They would fight for home and altars; they would fight for name and race,
But they're dead; they died for Ireland—oh! who will fill their place?

Be proud, ye men of Ireland! Be proud of those who died;
Never men o'er all the earth had nobler cause for pride.
Hope and strive and league for freedom; and again the souls will rise
Of the dead who died for Ireland to cheer you to the prize.

The dead who died for Ireland are beacons in our night,
From the halo round their sacred graves we'll catch the holy light
That will beam on Mother Erin, when her sons no more are slaves,
And the dead who died for Ireland shall sleep in freedom's graves.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Sunday, Sept. 26, an extensive programme will be carried out under the auspices of the above association at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street. The tug-of-war contest between the employes of Keeley's and Fortune's Brewing Companies, is already creating a great amount of interest, and many bets have been placed on the result. Following is the programme: 100-yards dash, open; 440 yards, open; one mile, open; slinging 56 pounds with unlimited run and follow; putting 16 pounds shot, open; running hop, step and jump, open; running high jump, open; tug-of-war between employes of Fortune's vs. Keeley's Brewing companies for $500; Irish jig, reel and hornpipe. Good music will be supplied for dancing, and all who visit the grounds may well count on a good day's sport. P. D. FITZGERALD.

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly spirits that, under the name of the "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" torments the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, vanish when attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

Congratulations to Orangemen.

We notice with pleasure a fact to the credit of Orangemen which we find reported from Canada. The Catholic Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Ont., being recently on a pastoral visit to Dundalk, was honored by a "serenade" tendered to him by the "silver band" of that town. "Later in the evening," says the report, "the Orange fife and drum band united with the silver band, and again passed in review before the house (the Catholic presbytery) playing 'St. Patrick's Day' and 'The Wearing o' the Green.' Among others that called upon the bishop during his stay in Dundalk was Mr. John Morrow, the local master of the Orangemen."

Here is a pleasant reading. We congratulate Mr. John Morrow and his brother Orangemen of Dundalk. What a blessed thing it would be if the example of the Christian spirit thus manifested by them were to be followed by their brethren elsewhere. Then, indeed, it might be possible for "Orange and Green to carry the day," as the Protestant Irish patriot, Thomas Davis, dreamed and prayed and sang.—Irish World.

The March of the Stars.

First of all, then, remember that the star which is just overhead this evening at nine will not be there exactly at nine for a whole year to come. It takes twelve solemn months in majestical silent march for the stars to pass by your lordship and me. Go out, then, tonight. Look aloft! Run a line from the North star (which alone of the myriads goes never away from his certain position)—draw a line, I say, south from this firm friend, Polaris. The straight edge of a roof which is set north and south, or a telegraph wire, are excellent helpers in this. When you have your line drawn in the eye of your mind, observe what stars stand upon it at eight or at nine o'clock. You will notice the bright ones. Any one of a dozen good handbooks will help you to learn the names of these few. Do not wander away from the simple line in wondering search 'mid the dazzling surrounding perplexities. If you do, you will know the stars never. Slowly! As one makes friends must one make the acquaintance of stars. Remember, again, that a year will go by before all of the stars shall have marched by in this chosen alignment of ours—our roof line or telegraph wire. There is plenty of time: a month for each sign of the Zodiac; a week to a constellation.—Henry Guy Hamilton, in Donahoe's.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Sarsfield Council, I. N. A.

The next regular meeting of the Sarsfield Council will be held on next Thursday evening in Congress hall, corner Honore and Congress streets. A good musical and literary programme has been arranged. All are invited.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

An t-Eug.

The following poem on Death was written by Donough Mor O'Daly, Abbot of Boyle, in the early part of the thirteenth century. Although nearly seven hundred years old, the language is so simple that every Irish-speaking scholar will find it perfectly intelligible:

Breitheamh ceart comhthrom an t-Eug;
Ni ghabhann le treun no le truagh,
Ni ghabhann airgiod no ór,
Agus ni théigh óg no arsaidh uaidh.
Ni daingean oidhche ar no lá;
Ni dain ean trá ar an Eug.
Ni ghabhann cómhrac leis no eath;
Ni ghabhann sé ba no treud.
Ar an mbás mar tuigthear linn,
Ni daingean cill no tuath,
Ni daingean caisleán ar no mór;
No go gcurthar thú 'san uaigh.
Ni bafuil luadaireacht no luth,
Do bhéarfas thú thar do thrá;
Feuch nár chúmhduigh neart a chuirp
Samson, an draoi Manannan,
Agus Conroi; an bhfeicthear daoibh gur lor.
A chleasa golle go léir,
Nior chúmhduigh é ar an mbás,
Cuchullin Eambna na n-each,
Nár léigeadh uaidh neach slán.
Solamh mac Daibhi geur, gile;
Is deimhin, a mhic, gur fior,
Ins an uaigh ata go docht,
Do cuireadh a chorp fá dhion.
Firinne so gidh gur searbh,
Ni sine nár dhearbh an dáil,
Is lonann agus eug dar linn;
Bheith i léine lutu an bháis.
O nach dam ó'n eug dul,
M'anam fo chead a's fo dhéidh,
Do bheirim do Righ na ngrás,
Go dtigidh an Bás dom' bhreith.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Umbria arrived at New York Sept. 18, at 7 a. m.

The Etruria arrived at Queenstown Sept. 17, at 10 p. m.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York Sept. 22.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown Sept. 21.

Division 25.

Div. 25 held one of the most successful meetings in its history at their hall, Twenty-second and Robey streets, last Sunday afternoon. Nearly one hundred members were present, and eleven candidates were initiated. Brother Kelly, of Div 3, aroused the gathering with a spirited and patriotic speech, after which he recited "Shamus O'Brien" in a very forcible manner. Brother Murphy, the poet of the division, sang one of his original songs, the subject being a prominent Chicago citizen, and he was cheered at the end of every verse. The members of this division will turn out in a body Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, and will march to St. Pius' church to the music of the Irish bagpipes, the last night of the fair having been reserved as Hibernian Night, and all members are requested to wear their badges. A fine Irish programme is assured all who attend.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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